A CUP OF COFFEE

HOME OF THE BERRY AND HOW IT IS CULTIVATED.

The Coffee Tree an Evergreen-Its Natural Growth Stunted Artificially-Preparing the Berry For Market.

How many persons sipping their after-dinner cup of coffee have ever given a thought to the various hands through which it has passed prior to that moment, Ethiopia as far back as 875 A. D.; next step in the preparation of this 1690, and from that date on extended Louis XIV. received from the magistrates of Amsterdam a coffee plant bearing blossoms and fruit, and this is claimed to be the parent stock of all West India coffees.

The coffee tree is an evergreen and grows if unchecked to a height of twenty or thirty feet, but cultivated plants are pruned down low so as to be more easily plucked when the fruit is ripe. There is, like on most tropical the regular blows occur, and at later periods the harvesting is done. The ripe berry resembles a cherry and grows in commercial value. Inside of the layer pulp are the two flat coffee beans, each one surrounded by a tough skin, and these one of the beans does not fructify when in blossom, and consequently only one seed grows in the berry. This one, not having any opposition, curls up round and forms what is known as peaberry coffee. As the berries ripen they become red and dark purple. They are then picked by hand at intervals during the harvest time. To prepare remove, first of all, the outside pulp. This is done by machinery, which consists of various patterns. Some use an upright cylinder, in which revolves chloride costing seventy another with teeth, that bruises the others ten cents a pound. berries as they pass through. Running water washes away the pulp, which is light and rises to the top, while the seeds, being heavy, sink to the bottom and are drawn off. Next comes the drying process, which

is usually contrived in this manner: front of the coffee house, and here the berries are spread out during the day and exposed to the hot sun. At night they are raked up in piles and covered to protect from the dew. In raking and spreading out the coffee small stones and lumps of earth get mixed with it, as many a grocer has found out to his cost when he has ruined his coffee mill. To prevent this the wealthier planters now use long, shallow pans made of copper, under which steam pipes run, and so dry their coffee more quickly and save much rehandling. After the berries are thoroughly dried they are run through another machine which crushes and bruises up the now brittle skins surrounding the seeds. They are then run through a fanning mill which carries off the fragment of shells and sticks and other impurities and leaves only the clean coffee seed behind. These are again run through machinery which separates the different character of seeds, such as the peaberry from the flat, the large from the lime with ten parts of dry sind. small, etc. The coffee is then packed in bags and carried on mule back to the shipping port, where it forms part of a stuffed furniture have been removed. cargo for Europe or the United States. The process of harvesting and curing differs somewhat in various countries, and where coffee is largely raised, as in Brazil, where it is the great staple, new machinery is constantly being introduced to save labor and simplify the manipulation.

In the island of Java the coffee is placed after it is cleaned on flat shelves made ofmats sheltered only from above by a thatched roof, and left to cure. The hot winds sweep through these sheds and thoroughly dry and cure the coffee, and give it that rich dark look which is a sign of age in Java coffee. In New York there is a Coffee Exchange . which to a certain extent regulates the values. Coffee comes to us of all varieties and grades, but by far the largest quantity comes from Brazil, of whose entire crop we consume the greatest part. To sim-plify matters there have been adopted certain standards, which range from No. 1 prime down to No. 10 common. It is usually sold by first hands in cargo lots, so many bags at a certain fixed price. These large lots contain different quali-ties, but the purchaser pays one price for all, and afterward sorts and grades them himself, and sets his own values on them.

Formerly coffees were only sold raw, that is, green, but of late years the business of roasting coffees and putting them up in packages, from one pound upwards, has grown to be a vast industry, and has revolutionized the coffee trade in this country. Coffee seems to be an American beverage. Foreigners who used tea exclusively in their old home: across the water soon acquire a taste for coffee and drop tea. It is a cup that invigorates but does not intoxicate .-New York Graphic.

Battle Between a Horse and a Dog

S. Keiter, of Detroit, Mich , recently imported an English bull-dog warranted never to open its jaws when once they had closed on an enemy. Keiter was very proud of his purchase and exhibited it frequently to a select circle of friends. Recently the dog was given a corner in the stable where Mr. Keiter also kept a fast pacing horse. Keiter one day locked the two animals in the barn and went away on an excursion. When he re-turned and opened the barn door in the evening he was horrified to find the horse on the floor nearly dead, while hanging to the under jaw, from which the flesh had been torn, leaving the bone almost bare, was the bull dog, alive but badly bruised. Mr. Keiter called in his friends and at once set to work relieving the and thought that was the kind of horse of his terrible antagonist. The dog was choked, kicked, pounded, burned with hot irons, a wedge driven into his jaws, but all to no purpose. Finally an some poor wretch half perishing in the ax was procured and the dog's head snow was found, his freezing blood chopped off. Then it was difficult to would be thawed by the dog's warm

loosen the grip. The horse was got to his feet and an examination made. His skin was torn from his body in many places, where the traveler would mount the dog's back dog had evidently tried to fasten his and the animal trot off with him to the teeth, and he was scarred from head to monastery. But it was plain that this foot. The dog had evidently had one hold on the horse's breast, for there a been large enough to carry a man, could large piece of flesh was torn out. It had not trot; he was entirely too straight in been a battle royal. Probably the dog, after breaking his rope, had wandered into the pacer's stall, and coming too near his heels, had been kicked. He retaliated with his teeth and the fight began. There was hardly a whole bone left in the dog's body.—New York Post.

The modern clixirs of life seem to lie, not in a wondrous distilment, but in the ordinary grains of which is made our daily bread. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says that one of the first things to attract his notice in the Canary Islands was the healthful appearance and fine development of the common people. There is no doubt that they are by birth a superior race, but it is also true that they use a food which, being highly nutritious, must contribute to their physical development. There is nothing mysterious about this article, which is known as gotio. It is simply the flour made from any of the cereals, by parchor how many have an idea of how it ing or roasting before grinding. One grows and is prepared for market. Colice can scarcely pass through any village of was first introduced into Arabia from the Canari's without witnessing some in Constantinople in 1554; Venice 1615, The grain is first picked over, then and in London, England, the first coffee roasted above a charcoal fire, and afterhouse was opened in 1652. The culture ward ground at the windmills which was introduced from Arabia to Java in abound everywhere. When it is to be caten, milk, soup or any other fluid is throughout the East Indies. In 1715 mixed with it, without further cooking. Nothing can be more "handy" than such an article of food. The Canarian taborer, if he goes forth to his work alone, takes with him some gof o in a bag made of the stomach of a kid; if there are several persons, the skin of a kid is used. When meal-time has arrived, a little water is poured into the bag with the gofio, the mixture is well shaken, and the meal is prepared without further ado. The Canarian Archipelago consists of seven inplants, a constant growth of blossoms habited islands, with a population of and fruit, but at two seasons of the year two hundred and eighty thousand persons. At least two hundred thousand of them live economically on gofio, as their fathers did before them, from time clusters close to the stem. It has a immemorial. The food is said to be not sweet pulp which is palatable, but of no only delicious and wholesome for those who are not accustomed to it, but to possess also a tendency to counteract certain digestive ills to which the civilized two surrounded by another skin or stomach is heir, thus restoring man, in a hull. Sometimes it happens that measure, to the physical condition of measure, to the physical condition of the happy savage.

The Nutritious Canary Islands Goffo.

Practical Hints on Disinfection. The following is from "Disease Germs and How to Combat Them," by Lucius Pitkin, in The Century:

First-Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chlothe seeds for market it is necessary to ride of lime are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous. At wholesale drug stores in New York single pounds can be obtained, mercuric chloride costing seventy-five cents, the

Second-A quarter of a pound of cor rosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water makes a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

Third-For the ordinary disinfecting solution add a half pint of "solution A" There is a large space of bare ground in to a gallon of water. This, while costing less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. Use in about equal quantity in disinfeeting choleraic or typhoid fever excreta.

> Fourth-A four per cent. solution of good chloride of lime, or a quarter pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water is used to wash wood-work floors, and wo den furniture, after fumigation and and ventilation.

Fifth-For fumigating with sulphur, three or four pounds should be used to every thousand cubic feet air space. Burn in an old tin basin floating in a tub of water; keep room closed twelve hours to allow the fumes to penetrate all cracks. Then open a window from the outside and allow fumes to escape into

Six-Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out and boil. Seventh-Cesspools, etc., should be

well covered on top with a mixture of Eighth-Isolate the patient in an upper rom which curtains carnets

The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.

The Growth of Trees.

The stems of trees increase in height | fant world. only by the addition of new cells at the top, the old cells remaining fixed in one position; consequently there can be no stretching or elongation of the old stem. If you will drive a large nail or spike the same height as when driven as long as the tree lives. As the branches of trees enlarge, the point of junction with cords which reach to the foot of the the main stem may rise or increase in height through the disposition in wood on the upper side, but as it is the same all around the branch, the under branch will be a less distance from the ground than when the branch was small and young. In the matter of growth of our forest trees, we have passed beyond mere The stem of a tree is composed of wood The term in different conditions. 'alburnum" is applied to the new or sap wood, through which the crude sap absorbed by the wood passes upward to the leaves where it is assimilated. On returning, it is distributed over the entire surface of the tree, forming new layers of wood and bark. This alburnum of sap wood, sooner or later, is mostly changed into heart wood, assuming in most kinds of trees a dark color, as seen in the red cedar, black valuat, beach and oak; and, although it is in fact dead wood, decay is prevented through its protection from the air by surrounding layers of alburnum. The old or heart wood gives strength to the tree, and prevents blowing down, but is in no other way necessary, for an old hollow trunk may live and thrive for many years, because new layers of wood cells are annually added to the outside, and through these the nutriment is obtained .- New York Sun.

The St. Bernard Dog. Before I saw one I always imagined the St. Bernard to be as large as a lion and strong as a bull. The picture in my youthful geography had made these im-pressions. When a dog that I supposed to be an overgrown setter was pointed out as one of the celebrated Alpine breed, my cherished imaginative structures went clattering to the ground. Many a time had I in my early boyhood on a winter's night when it was snowing hard outside, sat before a cheerful fire weather when the sagacious St. Bernard patroled the mountain passes on the lookoutf rstorm bound travelers. When that in Holland, where there is much some poor wretch half perishing in the body and the brandy flask so conveniently attached to the collar. After regaining strength I sulposed the St. Bernard (he was a crack too), had he the stifles. It is doubtful if he could have even walked fast enough to keep

himself from freezing to death on a real cold night .- Forest and Stream. Of pig iron we turn out twelve tons, and of steel rails three tons every minute.

CURIOUS CRADLES.

HOW BABIES OF SOME RACES ARE ROCKED TO SLEEP.

The Queer Chinese Institution-A Lapp-Baby's Snow Cradle-A Palm Leaf Bed-Samoan Torture Box, Etc.

Different people have cradles peculiar to themselves, and merry little eyes sometimes look out upon this big, round ball that swings in the air from some novel houses. There are persons living to-day whose cradles were of the primitive backwoods pattern, being roughly hewn troughs fastened to clumsy rockers. From cradles of this kind have stepped presidents, generals and statesmen, and the frontier rockers, in more than one instance, have rocked the world.

The Chinese have a queer institution which they call the winter cradle. It is shaped somewhat like an hour glass and stands on end. There is an opening above and below, and the waist, which is contracted, serves to keep the celestial baby on his feet. Day after day little almond-shaped eyes peep over the top of this cradle and little hands play with miniature dragons and other toys till the nurse puts in an appearance. Some of these winter cradles are made of wicker work and are beautifully painted by Chinese women artists. It is almost impossible for one to be upset; but now and then, when two are placed close together and the occupants declare war and measure arms, two cradles roll over the floor to noises that "bring down the house."

The Lapp baby very often has a snow cradle, for when the indulgent mother attends church she makes a hole in the snow outside and deposits the young Laplander therein. It is no uncommon sight to see a circle of these snow cradles in front of a Lapp chapel, and now and then a fierce-looking lot of dogs are on guard to keep off the wolves that might meditate a raid on the baby contingent. The Lapp cradle in material differs essentially from that used by the Bushman baby, whose mother digs a hole in the hot sand and chucks him therein in the shadow of some lonely bush. Sometimes the cradle is ready to hand in the shape of an ostrich nest, and now and then some feathers left by the mighty bird help to soften the nest of the future Bushman warrior.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amaron that cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up around the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little tot to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during his siesta, and the chatter of monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.

Patagonian babies are kept in cradles made of flat pieces of board. Two pieces of guanaco skin are so arranged across the cradle that the child is firmly fastened inside, and can be carried thus suspended from a saddle bow without danger. In the rude huts of this people these cradles are hung, hammockwise, to the rafters, and, amid the smoke that darkens everything, including his very nature it seems, the Patagonian infant passes his first stages of babyhood. When the village migrates the cradle is swung from the saddle, and in swima stream it floats like a canoe on the surface, while the horse is almost entirely submerged. Sir Francis Head. who saw a great deal of Patagonian life years ago, leaves on record that the Patagonian baby in his cradle is one of the best-natured representatives of the in-

The Samoan cradle, I am sorry to say, is a torture box. So is that used by the Chinooks of the Northwest coast. The baby is lashed to a board with strong thongs. Under the head is a pillow into the stem of a tree, it will remain at formed of moss or labbit skins, and a piece of wood is placed over the head at an incline and is held in its place by queer cradle. The forehead is bandaged and the pressure of the inclined board gradually flattens the head of the child to the desired degree. Imprisoned thus the Chinook baby passes the first eight months of its existence. During all this time it is never wholly released, though the various bandages are taken off at theories and deal mainly with facts. stated intervals from motives of cleanliness This is Chinook baby raising. The Samoans encase their children in torture cradles, face upwards, and impede the growth of the skull with weights of flat stones. There is no possible escape from the crdle, and the Samoan and Chinook babies are compelled to begin life in a manner that savors of heartless brutality .- New York Graphic.

Suicide and the Weather.

"Any weather," said Dr. Hamilton to a New York Sun reporter, "which lowers the vitality of a person strengthens the disposition to commit suicide. There is nothing very strange about that, odd as it seems, to say that the weather influences suicide. We all know how common it is to feel blue and low-spirited on dark, muggy days. The depression of spirits at such times in the case of an emotional person-and emotional people are the ones who commit suicide-may give the decisive and concluding impulse to take his own life. Of course the dark, muggy day alone is not sufficient and does not alone give the suicidal impulse: it merely forms the last strain on the camel's back. We must suppose that the disposition toward suicide from some of the great causes is present in force.

"There have been some very queer notions held on this point. It was an old slander against Englishmen, which Montesquieu quoted, I think, that Englishmen were more prone to suicide than other people on account of the dark. foggy days of their country's climate. It was as a plausible statement, and was generally regarded as true until an industrious gatherer of statistics proved more fog and darkness than in England, there is much less suicide. So November, on account of its gloomy weather, has always borne a bad name as the month of suicides; but statistics gathered from all parts of the world show that there are more suicides in May than in November. and that, generally, there are more suicides in the summer than in the winter days.

"To make a general statement, it is tipon a day when the dark sky and the high temperature are joined when the friends of the would be suicide want to expenditures." friends of the would-be suicide want to look out for him. The warm, humid, cloudy atmosphere-this is what influences suicide in a very appreciable

RELIGIOUS READING.

Christian Union,

Blest be the holy bands, Uniting hearts and hands, One chain of love; One life, one hope, one aim, One faith in one blest Name, Our rock, our God the same, Below-above.

Cleansed by atoning blood, Washed in one healing flood One God we own; Ours to accept his word, Ours to obey our Lord, Making, with glad accord, Our hearts his throne.

The whispering pine and palm Shall blend in one sweet psalm,
Dear Lord, to thee;
We seek the world to save— We form one army brave-As thousand drops—one wave, All streams—one sea.

Glory to God, our King;
Saviour, thy kingdom bring,
Thy will be done;
Exert thy glorious might,
Put all thy fees to flight,
Triumphant, c aim thy right,
And wear thy crown.

The Cross of Christ.

Let the cross of Christ teach us to look calmly on this suffering world. Life is full of trials, and it is a perplexing thing to look around us and see the race of men groaning under their burdens. We know but one satinfactory explanation of this strange mys-tery,—thoroughly satisfactory,—which calms all doubt. The cross of Christ is the explan-ation. The cross is the distinct announce-ment to us, of that wonderful law which fils all life,-that "through much tribulation we all life,—that "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven." Perfection through suffering,—that is the doctrine of the cross. There is love in that law.—[F. W. Robertson.

It is the mothers of today who have in hand, as no others can have, the making of the rising generation. Hence they, more than any or all others put together, hold in their hands the world's immediate future. their hands the world's immediate luttre. They really make that future what it must be through what they make their children. It is they who mold society, choose rulers, set up or pull down thrones and dominions, rule the world. There is no power on earth like that of the mother in the home. She is always therein the power behind the throne. She uncrowns and dethrones herself when she goes outside this really vast realm, though seemingly so small, to seek a larger sphere, to grasp, if she may, the reins of visible power and authority—to assert and maintain her rights

assert and maintain her rights and prerogatives among men as equals, to whom, in her own place and sphere, she is already the superior—for with her rests the making of men in a large degree. Oh, that the mothers of our day would only strive to be like the mother of our blessed Lord, who sought simply to be her own sweet and lovable self by being that which was well-pleasing in the sight of the Lord; who asked for no higher place or Lcrd; who asked for no higher place or wider sphere than her humble home in Nazareth gave her, nor even dreamed that there was a greater or grander work possible to her than that allotted her in the motherly care and nurture of the holy child Jesus.—
[Golden Rule.

Value of Example. The example of a godly man is a living, standing memento to all around him of Christ, death and eternity. Piety of a high grade not only removes objections, but wins esteem. The irreligious sometimes talk as if they considered Christians over-scrupulous when they stand upon their principles and refuse to yield a sinful compliance with the refuse to yield a sinful compliance with the spirit and practice of the multitude, when really they think no such thing. When they see a Christian truly consistent in his conduct, their hearts are constrained to do him homage; yet to do homage to the religion he

professes. In consistent, personal religion there is something so intrinsically loving and winning that the most wicked profoundly respect and venerate it. However far men may, in heart and life, depart from God, their reason and conscience will always condemn from God, their reason and conscience will always condemn their course, and with awe and admiration approve the conduct of those who follow Christ fully. Would you then inspire the unconverted, with the highest appreciation of your religion? Would you win hearts for the Marker? Then away from the dust of Master? Then away from the dust of put on the shining ments of salvation. In this way your plety will become converting, because it is at-tractive. Personal religion not only removes objections, but is the most powerful appeal to the consciences of the unbelieving.

The consistently religious man says to the ungodly, more eloquently and urgently than all others: "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you. Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—[Chicago Watchman.

Infector Aime.

The useless man is worthless mentally, and the worthless man is morally useless. A life addicted to worthless pursuits begets remorse and self-upbraidings, which, however angry and stinging they may be, seldom lead to amendment. A life addicted to a useless pursuit so weakens the mind as to make it in-capable of vigorous, much less of sustained,

effort.

Bishop Heber, the author of the famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," had a brother whose learning and talents would have secured him fame and influence but for his persistence in misusing them. He was a bibliomaniac, and using them. He was a bibliomaniac, and nsing them. He was a bibliomaniac, and spent one-half his life—thirty years—in traveling over Europe to collect rare books. His learning and fortune enabled him to make such an immense collection of rare and valuable works that when he died he owned four large libraries in England and seven or eight on the continent. He cared little to read his books, and sel-

dom visited his libraries, except to place newly acquired volumes on their shelves. At his d ath there were found in warehouses scores of boxes filled with books, which he had not found time to unpack. His life was useless, except in saving other bibliomaniacal labor and expense. After his death, at the sale of his libraries in London, which occupied several weeks, rival book collectors tought what they wanted without the trouble of traveling over Europe to find

them.
Charles Greville tells of a Mr. Gregory, who early in life determined to make a for-tune, in order that he might build a magnificent house. He lived, worked and tr. veled for no other object. Wherever he went he sought out useful and ornamental objects for his projected palace. When he had ac-cumulated the fortune which gave him an to build. He built so slowly and with so much magnificence that his friends suggested that the completion of the palace and his own death might be about the same time. His answer was: "It is my amusement, as bunting or shooting or feasting is the amusement of other people. In pursuing it, I am led into all parts of Europe and mix with all sorts of people that I may obtain articles to adorn my house or to make it more comfortable. If I never live in it, I don't care. I am carrying out the object of my life." A man living solely to build a palace for the

purpose of his own gratification.

These incidents represent inferior aims in life. It is every man's duty to do the best work of which he is capable, and to exert his best influence. His spiritual influences are his highest interests and the only ones his highest interests and the only ones that will last; if he cares for his soul, his conscience will care for his intellect and body. Seek first and above all "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." A true life lives in the happiness it creates, and derives its joy from the service of God and of others.—[Youth's Companion.

All Can Understand. Here is a temperance lecture all can understand. It is a copy of a placard hung up in a Kirkville, Mo., grocery store, and reads:
"Any man who drinks two drams of whisky per day for a year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store thirty sacks of flour, 250 pounds of granu-lated sugar and seventy-three pounds of good

A federation of all the women's societies of Chicago has been formed under the name of the Federation of Women's Societies, with Miss Frances E. Willard as President.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "In Good Humor With Our Circumstances."

TEXT:-"Be content with such things as ye have."-Hebrews xiii, 5.

If I should ask some one: "Where is Brook-If I should ask some one: "Where is Brooklyn to-day?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where Philadelphia?" "At Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employes, and ferry masters, and the police, and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by thingard circumstances and they are the surface of the surface of the surface. stringent oircumstances, and the great mul-titude of well to do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Foo's that we are, as though wen as others. Fools that we are, as though one could not be as happy at home as anywhere else. Onr grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bored at Saratoga, or the first deer shot in the Adirondacks. They made their wedding tour to the next farmhouse or, living in New York. the next farmhouse, or, living in New York, the celebrated they event by an extra walk o

the Battery.

Now, the genuine American is not happy Now, the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the door plate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friends, if it is better for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it be best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be content with such things as ye have." "Be content with such things as ye have."
To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand

social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit devised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little wetalk of our blessings. Health and body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These peo-ple sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch ivory and eagles' down. The dinner herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythethan wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxnry God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuileries if with them we had been obliged to take his goul? "Oh." says some one. "it isn't the ened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scyth gout? "Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste."

Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied. What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavensi What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mcuntain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affectation about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, oh, man! oh woman! that though you may be shu! oh, woman! that though you may be saut out from the works of a Church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxemburg or the Vatican—the royal

or the Luxemburg or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward cir-cumstances. You see people happy and mis-erable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a find a cheerful connence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitally, freezing to death in the cheerless parlor I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety they they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I bewno sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre. I find Nero growling on the throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon, I find King Ahab going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the poswhile near by is Naboth contented in the pos while near by is Naboth contented in the pos-session of a vineyard. Haman, Prime Minis-ter of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Ahithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Ahithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs h mself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of men: I hold life a horror; death is repose. disgust from the cowardice and sense men; I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is word human comprehension." While, on beyond human comprehension." While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy amid the most disadvantageous cir-cumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a

steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Chris tian women on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of "St. Mar-

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the blilows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the loor of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosswood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that praces of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a greater difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the Senator, and the President, and the King is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtue.

tues to the skies.
In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano

which is thrown on the fields in the east for the enrichment of the soil is the dust raked out from the sepulchers of kings and lords and mighty men. Oh the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano. Of how much worth now is the crown of Casar? Who bids for it? Who cares now saything about the Amphictyonic council or

Cassar? Who bids for it? Who cares now anything about the Amphictyonic council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem? Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Fer-dinand, or Boniface, or Alaric? Can Cromwell dissolve the English parliament now? Is William, Prince of Orange, King of the Netherlands? No, no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she Netherlands? No, no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold puts the German scepter into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down off the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Bourbon, quarreling about everything else, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been in assemblages where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll today of some of those mighty ones who have gone I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the Kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II! Louis XVI! No answer. I will call the role of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbel!! John answer. I will call the role of the poets:
Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John
Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No
answer. I call the roll of artists: Michael
Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner!
Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes
closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Scepter, pencil, pen, sword, put down
forever. Why should we struggle for such
baubles?

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for His creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought you are not as foreral with this asyou organ to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, lowing that child, do what in your deliberate judg-ment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them, and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you fel. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses, but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Soviour's righteousness. "What have I done?" says the wheatsheaf to the farmer; "what have I done that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the the mill blows the chair to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After a while, the straw looking down from the mow upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor understands why the farmer beat the wheatsheaf

with the fiail.

Who are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame, reached down and picked up one of the façots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born for this preferment." They who suffer with Him on earth shall be glorified with Him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the water in the hollow of his hand a low his children to die of thirst? Will he Who are those before the throne? The an-

a low his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve! Go out to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock in the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at 5 o'clock in the "Behold the fowls of the air; gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people, in Christ's time, went into the desert. people, in Christ's time, went into the desert. They were the most improvident people I ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his sachel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the seven thousand were fed, and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew until the proate the larger the loaves grew until the pro-vision that the boy brought in one sachel was vision that the boy brought in one sachel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six sachels. "O," you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that, what God did then by miracle, He does now in some other way, and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now I am old; yet have I pover seen the righteous Gressken nor His never seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of rnal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again: I remark that the religion of Jesus
Christ is the grandest influence to make a
man contented. Indemnity against all fluancial and spiritual harm! It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance, and swallows up the soul with the thought of swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. O ye who have been going about from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I commend you, this morning, to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my lord are the wicked" and as long as you con-Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make Him your portion, and start for heaven, and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you this morning the luman race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a banker, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the minister anything but a minister, and everybody would be happy if he were only son would be happy if he were only someody else. The anemone wants to be a sunflower, and the apple orchards throw down their blossoms because they are not tall cedars, and the scow wants to be a schooner, and the sloop would like to be a seventy-four pounder, and parents have the worst children that ever

and parents have the worst children that ever were, and everbody has the greatest misfortune, and everything is upside down, or going to be. Ah! my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. Anidall this grating of tones I strike this string of the Gospel happ: "Godliness with contentment is great ing of tones I strike this string of the Gospel harp: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." with be content."
Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after a while, whatever be our circumstances now, to have a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garvacation. As a days into the coalest to baths.

ments and go down into the cool sea to bathe ments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh, and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness; and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow," and the earth will say: "Come and sleep in my bosom," and the winds will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, men carry us out to our last resting place, and ashes come to ashes and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the will see two scarred feet standing and the broken soil, and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice, tender with all affection and mighty with all omnipotence, will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Comfort one another with these words.

Rev. Joel Swartz, D.D., of Gettysburg.
Pa., proves by the testimony of the biographers of Luther that he was not the author of the familiar couplet: "Who loves not wine, wife and song, remains a fool his whole life long," but that it originated in 1775, two hundred and ninety-two years after Luther's

TEMPERANCE.

Found Dead.

"Found dead by the roadside, Augustus Hall,"
With a bottle clasped to his frozen breast,
He died from drink, where he chanced to fall"— Ran the coroner's verdict—and this was all; God only knows the rest.

Where was the soul, once brave and strong
As he staggered along the broad highway.
Where was the Mentor of right and wrong,
As he babbled a stave of the drinking song

Heard in a den that day? Vive la vie!" as the maudlin swell Went trembling out on the startled alt An echo marked, from the frozen dell, "La vie—la vie!" he reeled and fell, Where to, he did not care.

The wind, in the leafless treetops, beat
The onward march of a wintry storm,
But the snow came down with silent feet
And tenderly spread a winding sheet
Over the human form.

They found him there, when the morning Shone over the woodland far and free, Still and stark, in the shimmering light With his lips apart as, yesternight, He sung, "Vive la vie!"

This human wreck in his rags and grime,
The lowest and least of his fellow-men
Had never committed a penal crime—
Was followed and flattered, in manhood's

prime.
For eloquent tongue and pen. He had led the van for truth and right,
But, alas! he fell, where thousands yield;
Fell, with the goal of his hope in sight,
Fell, in the strength of his mind and might—
And sleeps in Potter's Field.

The terrible sin, may God forefend, Of the man who never stops to think He may dig a pit, and shape the end Of a ruin life, when he asks a friend To take a social drink.

Sarah T. Bolton, in Youth's Companion.

John B. Gough on Two Cups. John B. Gough, the great temperance lec-turer, did more perhaps than any other one to educate the public sentiment against the rum traffic. In one of his lectures he used the following language, referring to a cup of cold water as the cup of blessing, and to the wine cup as the cup of horrors:

THE CUP OF BLESSING. "There is no poison in that cup, no flendish "There is no poison in that cup, no fiendish spirit dwells beneath these crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widow's groan nor orphan's tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme—pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful, and bright, and pure everywhere. In the moonlit fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep, tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful

THE CUP OF HORRORS. "Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smilling surface a fiend-ish spirit which for centuries has been wanish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of, desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life, and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you have. house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' teers and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched, are in that cup. "Peace and hope, and love and truth, dwell not within that flery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum, corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain and

rupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it, in its fiery glow, to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's life, and thunder in your ears the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past, and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms, lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleepby the siren song of the tempter, and sleep-ing now in cold obscurity—the wrecks of what was once great, grand and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile,

accursed everywhere. Fit type and sem-blance of all earthly corruption! "Base art thou yet, as when the wise man "Base art thou yet, as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet, as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet, as when thy envenomed tooth first took hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet, as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shrieks echoed along the caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou

shalt be, ACCURSED EVERYWHERE "In the fiery foundations of the still; in the seething bubbles of the cauldron; in the kingly palace and the druukard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens, and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty, and on the lip of manhood; rum is vile and deadly and accursed every-where.

"Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed in fluence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee the child of perdition, the base born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind, and the distroyer of immortal souls; but I this night will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the sacramental cup of the rum power; and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth: Dash it down! And thou, rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men; earth: Dash it down! And thou, rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men; and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall pro-claim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!"

Rum's Work in Africa.

Rum's Work in Africa.

Rev. Horace Waller, at the important Conference on Foreign Missions held in London recently, says that the degradation of the wretched tribes of West Africa has reached a depth that is appalling," and testifies to having seen hundreds of native girls lying in a state of intoxication round the wagons of spirit-sellers. Dr. Clarke, speaking of South Africa, corroborated the statement but used the word thousands instead of hundreds. Mr. Moir, of the African Lakes Trading Company, wrote: "I have seen boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen getting." Trading Company, wrote: "I have seen boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen getting and girls of rounteen in fact, there are parts their wages in rum. In fact, there are parts their wages in rum." of the country in which there is practically no other currency. It is enough to arouse the most placid spirit to read that the mer-chants of Mauritius send their refuse rum, worthless in any other market, to the re-cently converted island of Madagascar, and, despite the entreaties of rulers and people, force upon them a trade which has done much to nullify the work of the Christian

Confession of a Drunkard. I had position high and holy. The demo tore from around me the robes of my office and sent me forth churchless a less, a very hissing and byword among men.
Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devil which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clerzyman without a old and the light laded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

Of 3000 convicted criminals exam ned by a French medical man, M. Marambet, more than half were drunkards—that is, seventy-nine per cent. of the vagabonds and mendicants, fifty per cent. of the assassins, fifty-seven per cent. of the incendiaries, and seventy-one per cent. of the robbers.